Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patient.
[illegible] perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
[illegible] to tread the path that thou shalt neare returne,
[illegible]ple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (noble Lord as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While kights and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The king is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouer-[illegible]sumed his royall person,

Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
What is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post-horse vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mer
And leaue the world for [illegible]o bustle in:
For then Ile marrie Warwikes youngest daughter
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.
Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.
Lady An. Set downe, set downe, your honourable
If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore kei-cold figure, of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes,
Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse balme of my poore eyes,
Curst be the hand that made these fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it.